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For the Bulletin.

The Harp that Once in Tara's Halls.

It may be that I am wrong,
In the strange fancy that some lines I read
Were written by thy hand, for years have fled,
Dreamy, and sad, and long
Since last we parted, I to dream in vain
That we had parted then, to meet again.
Time has not yet effaced
The memory of that dream, though o'er the past
Dense shadows and dark changes have been cast,
And hopes have run to waste
Which bloomed at first, luxuriant, bright, and free—
Planted and nurtured, and sustained by thee.
Hast thou forgotten all?
All the fresh thoughts of youth?—have they been hurl'd
Far from thy heart, upon the giddy world
Till they are past recall?
Then have I strung my lyre with fruitless care,
To breathe its numbers in the empty air.
Voiceless and echoless
Have been the years between us, from the hour
In which thy last words lingered with a power
Beyond forgetfulness.
Unnumbered links which memory's chain had wound
Around my heart, are all from thine unbound.
Oh! yes! for it were strange
If thou 'gainst nature's fickleness should strive,
Or aught save woman's memory, should survive
The wreck of Time and change
Man's thoughts, which on the world's rough waves are cast!
Oblivion's tide rolls on, and drowns the past.
Then let me bid farewell
To the vain hopes which haunt my memory—
Long crushed within my heart, why should they be,
A theme on which to dwell.—
Let them pass on and mingle with the dreams
Which vanish from the mind with morning beams.
Life once was bright to me!
Thou knowest how bright its scenes when first we met—
Howdarkly since its morning sun has set!
I need not tell to thee,
Unwelcome were the tale of after years!
The history of the faith washed out in tears.
'Tis done! I ask thee not
For sympathy, or interest in the past!
I ask thee not if clouds have ne'er o'ercast
What seemed thy brighter lot;
There's naught for us in common on life's stage,
Since youth has yielded to maturer age.
But ah! if o'er again
Our paths should meet, I would the mystery
Which hangs around our parting hour should be
Explained, although in vain;
For I have sought to read it, till my mind
Was like a sea of chaos—undefined!
Yet it were idle now
To wish the past unraveled: 'tis all too late!
The dark threads woven in my web of fate,
Have long since marked my brow
With traces of deep feelings inward strife—
And crossed with sombre lines my path of life.
The future ne'er can bring
Back to my heart, its early confidence;
For blank, and cold, and dark indifference
Has checked the elastic spring
Of joyous hope, and fancy's dreams of truth
Have fleeted, with the visions of my youth.
Oh! they but mocked my heart!
Truth is not born of earth—enthroned in light,
It dwells unchanged forever, pure and bright
From the false world apart;
Based on the "Rock of Ages" shining clear,
Unhurt by unbelief—unmoved by fear.
And now my lay is o'er!
My harp its farewell numbers breathes to thee;
In vain perchance may be its minstrelsy—
For in thy heart no more
A thought or memory of me may dwell—
For Time hath made us strangers—fare thee well!

MAYSVILLE, KY., 21st, '63. R. H. L.

☞We copy the following sensible remarks from the able editor of the Louisville *Democrat*, in the issue of the 14th instant:

The election yesterday in the States of Ohio, Pennsylvania and Iowa, it is probable, settles the policy of this country for four or five years, and, in all likelihood, the fate of the Union in all time to come. If the Democratic ticket is defeated in those States, it portends the adhesion to the present suicidal policy, with its attendant horrors of plunder and slaughter. It destroys what hope the patriot may have of a restored and happy Union. It leaves no prospect but dissevered States, bitter animosities, and a mountain of crushing debt to keep down forever the energies of the people. If the Republican candidates are elected, we see no possible result but disunion in the future. Armies can occupy, but armies cannot well subjugate a people. A standing army of 500,000 men, and an annual debt of a billion, may suffice to hold all the available points in the South; but it will not not appease the feeling of hatred and revenge. No people can maintain such an enormous load of debt. Revolution and repudiation are inevitable. If, however, we should have been so fortunate as to have elected Democrats in the States named, we may then hope, by a wise, statesmenlike system of concession and justice to restore the Union, by removing the causes which provoked its dissolution. It is by such means alone we ever can effect it. If we should have checked that monstrous power in the West as was done by New York in the East, we may be said to hold Lincoln's hands bound. Otherwise it is useless to try to conceal it. the books of American freedom and Union may be closed.

From the Toronto (Canada) Leader.

The Mexican Empire.

That Maximilian of Austria will accept the crown of Mexico seems now to be placed beyond any doubt. The event will doubtless exercise a very considerable influence on the destinies of this continent.

To Mexico it can scarcely fail to prove a very great blessing. The chronic anarchy with which that country has so long been cursed has inflicted such evils upon its people that, while things may be made better, it is almost impossible they can be made worse. If Maximilian should do nothing more than render life and property secure, he will do enough to entitle him to the lasting gratitude of Mexico.

But, to render life and property secure, it is necessary to punish offenders; and to punish offenders, it is always requisite to possess a faithful police force, and, in places where offenses are so serious as in Mexico, a faithful military force. Yet, to find such forces in Mexico is almost impossible. There the troops have been accustomed to form their own opinions on politics, and to enforce them with their swords It is not very likely that they would abandon this practice merely because an Austrian Prince had become their ruler. It is, therefore, almost beyond a doubt, that, to enable Maximilian to enforce law and order in Mexico, the presence of a foreign army is indispensable, and that this army must be French, is equally clear. Austria is the only other power from which he could possibly expect it. That Austria could spare the men is very doubtful, and even supposing they could be spared, it is pretty certain that neither its Reichsrath—or Parliament—nor the Emperor Napoleon would permit it. We therefore assume that if Maximilian becomes Emperor of Mexico, he will be kept on his throne by French soldiers, under which circumstances he would be no more than the viceroy of Napoleon III. and this it is which renders his accession so significant.

If Napoleon wishes to conserve the ground thus gained there can be little doubt that he will not allow the Northern States to conquer the South; seeing in that case he would be exposed to an attack from the "Great Republic," maddened by success, and furious at his violation of the Monroe doctrine — Thus one result of the establishment of the new Mexican Empire will be, that even if the North is able to conquer the Confederacy, it will not be allowed to exercise its ability. Maximilian in Mexico secures Jefferson Davis in Richmond.

But besides tending to establish the Southern Confederacy, the new Mexican Empire will largely increase the power of Napoleon. Its defense will indeed draw away from Europe some of his troops, but in their stead he will gain Mexican recruits in probably greater numbers. The mines of Mexico he will use to fill his coffers, its harbors to shelter his fleets, and its commerce to enrich French merchants and manufacturers. The country is naturally one of the richest in the world, and if only decently governed will undoubtedly, through its commerce, pour a flood of wealth into France, and if Napoleon should exact a favorable commercial treaty as the price of his recognizing the South, it is very possible that by these means French commerce might become a much more serious rival to that of England than it is at present.

The geographical position of Mexico, however, enormously increases its value to any ambitions and enterprising ruler. "By seizing the Isthmus of Darien" said, Sir Walter Raleigh, 'you will wrest the keys of the world from Spain.' A glance at the map will convince any reflecting person of the truth of this proposition. Darien stands midway between the Old and New World, commands a short-cut to China, the East Indies, Australia and the Pacific coast of America. There can be little doubt that, unless our Pacific Railroad is built very quickly, the whole commerce of America with Asia, will be turned into this route. A canal across the Isthmus has been talked of almost since the time when Balboa first crossed it, and its completion is by no means beyond the range of possibility. It is true that the Isthmus itself is not in Mexico; but a route can nevertheless be found within its boundaries, and we may be sure that if Napoleon desires the Isthmus, he will not allow the insignificant States which stand in the way to stop him.

This again raises another consideration, which is, that every advantage which Mexico offers for commerce, it offers also for aggression. In possession of Mexico, Napoleon could swoop down upon Australia many weeks before reinforcements could reach it and in a like manner he could assail California, British Columbia or any of the East India settlements; besides which, it offers to his view a most tempting enterprise, which we suspect he meditates, and that is to invade and conquer all those States which once were Spanish America. They are nearly all in as bad a condition as was Mexico, and to bring them under one ruler would be an important step in the union of the "Latin race."

Such are some of the possibilities which the conquest of Mexico opens. We may be sure that if Napoleon should think any of them advantageous, he will not omit to realize it. Scarcely any ruler ever considered his schemes more deeply than he. We may be sure that his invasion of Mexico was in pursuance of some matured scheme, and that this scheme he will execute, unless something more advantageous should arise before his view.

'FREAK' OF A DRAFTED MAN.—An abolitionist, of Connecticut, kicked his father out of doors last Fall, and sent him off; but as soon as he was drafted he sent for the old man, and gave him $5, and is now 'supporting' him.

☞Amos Kendall, who used to be very poor, is now one of the richest men in Maryland. He made his wealth by going into the telegraph enterprise with Morse, and he owns nearly one third of that interest. He is a hale and hearty old man.

☞A French physician has introduced a method of curing burns by electricity. It is said to be very successful.

From All the Year Round.

BLIND BLACK TOM.

Sometime in the year 1850, a tobacco-planter in Southern Georgia (Perry H. Oliver is his name) bought a likely negro woman with some other field-hands. She was stout, tough-muscled, willing, promised to be a remunerative servant; her baby, however, a boy a few months old, was only thrown in as a make-weight to the bargain, or rather because Mr. Oliver would not consent to separate mother and child. Charity only could have induced him to take the picaninny, in fact, for he was but a lump of black flesh born blind, and with the vacant grin of idiocy, they thought, already stamped on his face. The two slaves were purchased, I believe, from a trader: it has been impossible, therefore, for me to ascertain where Tom was born, or when. Georgia field-hands are not accurate as Jews in preserving their genealogy; *they* do not anticipate a Messiah. A white man, you know, has that vague hope unconsciously latent in him that he is, or shall give birth to the great man of his race, a helper, a provider for the world's hunger; so he grows jealous with his blood; the dead grandfather may have presaged the possible son; besides, it is a debt he owes to this coming Saul to tell him whence he came. There are some classes, free and slave, out of whom society has crushed this hope; they have no clan, no family names among them, therefore. This idiot boy, chosen by God to be anointed with the holy chrism, is only "Tom"—"Blind Tom," they call him in all the Southern States, with a kind cadence always, being proud and fond of him, and yet—nothing but Tom! That is pitiful. Just a mushroom growth—unkinned, unexpected, not hoped for, for generations, owning no name to purify and honor and give away when he is dead. His mother, at work today in the Oliver plantations, can never comprehend why her boy is famous; this gift of God to him means nothing to her.—Nothing to him, either, which is saddest of all; he is unconscious, wears his crown as an idiot might. Whose fault is that? Deeper than slavery the evil lies.

Mr. Oliver did his duty well to the boy, being an observant and kind master. The plantation was large, heartsome, faced the sun, swarmed with little black urchins, with plenty to eat, and nothing to do.

All that Tom required, as he fattened out of baby into boyhood, was room in which to be warm, on the grass patch, or by the kitchen fires, to be stupid, flabby, sleepy—kicked and petted alternately by the other hands. He had a habit of crawling up on the porches and verandahs of the mansion, and squatting there in the sun, waiting for a kind word or touch from those who went in and out. He seldom failed to receive it. Southerners know nothing of the physical shiver of aversion with which even some Abolitionists of the North touch the negro: so Tom, through his very helplessness, came to be a sort of pet in the family, a playmate, occasionally, of Mr. Oliver's own infant children. The boy, creeping about day after day in the hot light, was as repugnant an object as the lizards in the neighboring swamp, and promised to be of as little use to his master. He was of the lowest negro type, from which only field-hands can be made—coal-black, with protruding heels, the ape-jaw, blubber-lips, constantly open, the sightless eyes closed, and the head thrown far back on the shoulders, lying on the back, in fact, a habit which he still retains, and which adds to the imbecile character of the face. Until he was seven years of age, Tom was regarded on the plantation as an idiot, not unjustly; for at the present time his judgment and reason rank but as that of a child four years old. He showed a doglike affection for some members of the household—a son of Mr. Oliver especially—and a keen, nervous sensitiveness to the slightest blame or praise from them—possessed, too, a low, animal irritability of temper, giving way to inarticulate yelps of passion when provoked. That is all, so far; we find no other outgrowth of intellect or soul from the boy; just the same record as that of thousands of imbecile negro children. Generations of heathendom and slavery have dredged the inherited brains and temperaments of such children tolerably clean of all traces of power or purity—palsied the brain, brutalized the nature. Tom apparantly fared no better than his fellows.

It was not until 1857 that phenomenal powers latent in the boy were suddenly developed, which stamped him the anomaly he is to-day.

One night, sometime in the summer of that year, Mr. Oliver's family were wakened by the sound of music in the drawing-room—not only the simple airs, but the most difficult exercises usually played by his daughters were repeated again and again, the touch of the musician being timid, but singularly true and delicate.

Going down, they found Tom, who had been left asleep in the hall, seated at the piano, in an ecstacy of delight, breaking out at the end of each successful fugue into shouts of laughter, kicking his heels and clapping his hands. This was the first time he had touched the piano. Naturally, Tom became a nine days' wonder on the plantation. He was brought in as an after-dinner's amusement; visitors asked for him as the show of the place. There was hardly a realization, however, in the minds of those who heard him of how deep the cause for wonder lay. The planters' wives and daughters of the neighborhood were not people who would be apt to comprehend music as a science, or use it as language; they only saw in the little negro, therefore, a remarkable facility for repeating the airs they drummed on their pianos—in a different manner from theirs, it is true—which bewildered them. They noticed, too, that however the child's fingers fell on the keys, cadences followed, broken, wandering, yet of startling beauty and pathos. The house-servants, looking in through the open doors at the little black figure perched up before the instrument, while unknown wild harharmony drifted through the evening air, had a better conception of him. He was possessed; some ghost spoke through him, which is a fair enough definition of genius for a Georgian slave to offer.

Mr. Oliver being indulgent, Tom was allowed to have constant access to the piano; in truth, he could not live without it: when deprived of music now, actual physical debility followed; the gnawing Something had found its food at last. No attempt was made, however, to give him any scientific musical teaching; nor—I wish it distinctly borne in mind—has he ever at any time received such instruction.

The planter began to wonder what kind of a creature this was which he had bought, flesh and soul. In what part of the unsightly baby-carcass had been stowed away these old airs, forgotten by every one else, and some of them never heard by the child but once, but which he now reproduced, every note intact, and with whatever quirk or quiddity of style belonged to the person who originally had sung or played them?—Stranger still, the harmonies which he had never heard, had learned from no man; the sluggish breath of the old house, being enchanted, grew into quaint and delicate whims of music, never the same, changing every day. Never glad: uncertain, and minors always, vexing the content of the hearer—one inarticulate, unanswered question of pain in all, making them one. Even the vulgarest listener was troubled, hardly knowing why,—how sad Tom's music was! At last the time came when the door was to be opened, when some listener, not vulgar, recognizing the child as God made him, induced his master to remove him from the plantation. Something ought to be done for him; the world ought not to be cheated of this pleasure—besides, the money that could be made! So, Mr. Oliver, with a kindly feeling for Tom, proud, too, of this agreeable monster which his plantation had grown, and sensible that it was a more fruitful source of revenue than tobacco-fields, set out with the boy, literally to seek their fortune.

The first exhibition of him was given, I think, in Savannah, Georgia; thence he was taken to Charleston, Richmond; thence to all the principal cities and towns in the Southern States.

This was in 1858. From that time until the present, Tom has lived constantly an open life, petted, feted, his real talent befogged by exaggeration, and so pampered and coddled that one might suppose the only purpose was to corrupt and wear it out. For these reasons this statement is purposely guarded, and restricted to plain known facts.

No sooner had Tom been brought before the public than the pretensions put forward by his master commanded the scrutiny of both scientific and musical sceptics. His capacities were subjected to rigorous tests.—Fortunately for the boy: for, so tried, harshly, it is true, yet skillfully, they not only bore the trial, but acknowledged the touch as skillful; every day new powers were developed, until he reached his limit, beyond which it is not probable he will ever pass — That limit, however, establishes him as an anomaly in musical science.

Physically, and in animal temperament, this negro ranks next to the lowest Guinea type; with strong appetites and gross bodily health—except in one particular, which will be mentioned hereafter. In the everyday apparent intellect, in reason or judgment, he is but one degree above an idiot—incapable of comprehending the simplest conversation on ordinary topics—amused or enraged with trifles, such as would affect a child of three years old. On the other side, his affections are alive, even vehement, delicate in their instinct as a dog's or an infant's; he will detect the step of any one dear to him, in a crowd, and will burst into tears if not kindly spoken to.

His memory is so accurate that he can repeat, without the loss of a syllable, a discourse of fifteen minutes in length, of which he does not understand a word. Songs, too, in French or German, after a single hearing, he renders not only literally in words, but in notes, style and expression. His voice, however, is discordant, and of small compass.

In music, this boy of twelve years old, born blind, utterly ignorant of a note, ignorant of every phase of so-called musical science, interprets severely classical composers with a clearness of conception in which he excels, and a skill in mechanism equal to our second rate artists. His concerts usually include any themes selected by the audience, from the higher grades of Italian or German opera. His comprehension of the meaning of music, as a prophetic or historical voice which few souls utter, and fewer understand, is clear and vivid, he renders it thus, with whatever mastery of the material part he may possess, fingering, dramatic effects, and so forth; these are but means to him, not as end, as with most artists. One could fancy that Tom was never traitor to the intent or soul of the theme. What God or the devil meant to say by this or that harmony, what the soul of one man cried aloud to another in it, this boy knows, and is to that a faithful witness. His deaf uninstructed soul has never been tampered with by art-critics who know the body well enough of music, but nothing of the living creature within. The world is full of these vulgar souls that palter with eternal Nature and the eternal Arts, blind to Word who dwells among us therein. Tom, or the demon in Tom, is not one of them.

With regard to his command of the instrument, two points have been especially noted by musicians: the unusual frequency of occurrence of *tours de force* in his playing, and the scientific precision of his manner of touch. For example, in a progression of augmented chords, his mode of fingering is invariably that of the schools: not that which would seem most natural to a blind child, never taught to place a finger. Even when seated with his "back to the piano," and made to play in that position (a favorite feat in his concerts), the touch is always scientifically accurate.

The peculiar power which Tom possesses, however, is one which requires no scientific knowledge of music in his audiences to appreciate. Placed at the instrument with any musician, he plays a perfect bass accompaniment to the treble of music *heard for the first time as he plays*. Then, taking the seat vacated by the other performer, he instantly gives the entire piece intact in brilliancy and symmetry, not a note lost or misplaced. The selections of music by which this power of Tom tested, two years ago, were sometimes fourteen and sixteen pages in length: on one occasion, at an exhibition at the White House, after a long concert, he was tried with two pieces—one thirteen, the other twenty pages long—and was successful.

We know of no parallel case to this in musical history. Grimm tells us, as one of the most remarkable manifestations of Mozart's infant genius, that at the age of nine he was required to give an accompaniment to an aria which he had never heard before, and without notes. There were false accords in the attempt, he acknowledged; but the second was pure. When the music to which Tom plays secondo is strictly classical, he sometimes balks for an instant in passages; to do otherwise would argue a creative power equal to that of the matter composers; but when any chordant harmony runs through it (on which the glowing negro soul can seize, you know), there are no "false accords," as with the infant Mozart. I wish to call especial attention to this power of the boy, not only because it is, so far as I know, unmatched in the development of any musical talent, but because considered in the contest of his entire intellectual structure, it involves a curious problem. The mere repetition of music heard but once, even when, as in Tom's case, it is given with such incredible fidelity, and after the lapse of years, demands only a command of mechanical skill, and an abnormal condition of the power of memory; but to play secondo to music never heard or seen, infers the comprehension of the full drift of the symphony in its current—a capacity to create, in short. Yet such attempts as Tom has made to dictate music for publication do not sustain any such inference. They are only a few light marches, galops, and the like, simple and plaintive enough, but with easily detected traces of remembered harmonies.—Very different from the strange, weird improvisations of every day; one would fancy that the mere attempt to bring this mysterious genius within him in bodily presence before the outer world, woke, too, the idiotic nature to utter its reproachful, unable cry. Nor is this the only bar by which poor Tom's soul is put in mind of its foul prison. After any too prolonged effort, such as those I have alluded to, his whole bodily frame gives way, and a complete exhaustion of the brain follows, accompanied with epileptic spasms. The trial at the White House, mentioned before, was successful, but was followed by days of illness.

Being a slave, Tom never was taken into a Free State; for the same reason his master refused advantageous offers from European managers. The highest points North in which his concerts were given, were Baltimore and the Upper Virginia towns. I heard him sometime in 1860. He remained a week or two in the town, playing every night. The concerts were unique enough. They were given in a great barn of a room, gaudy with hot soot, stained frescoes, chandeliers, and walls splotched with gilt. The audience was large, always; such as a provincial towns affords. Not the purest bench of musical criticism before which to bring poor Tom! Beaux and belles, siftings of old country families, whose grandfathers trapped and traded and married with the Indians—the savage thickening of whose blood told itself in high cheek-bones, flashing jewelry, champagne-bibbing, a comprehension of the tom-tom music of schottisches and polkas; money-made men and their wives cooped up by respectability, taking concerts when they were given in town, taking the White Sulphur or Cape May in summer, taking beef for dinner, taking the pork-trade in winter—*tout la vie en* programme; the debris of a town, the roughs, the boys, school-children. The stage was broad, planked, with a drop-curtain behind—subject, the Doge marrying the sea, I believe—in front, a piano and chair. Presently Mr. Oliver, a well natured looking man (one thought of that), came forward, leading and coaxing along a little black boy, dressed in white linen, a little black boy somewhat fat and stubborn in build. Tom was not in a good humor that night; the evening before he had refused to play altogether; so his master perspired anxiously before he could get him placed in rule before the audience, and repeat his own little speech, which sounded like a Georgia after-dinner gossip. The boy's head, as I said, rested on his back, his mouth wide open constantly; his great blubber lips and shining teeth, therefore, were all you saw when he faced you. He required to be petted and bought, like any other weak-minded child. The concert was a mixture of music, whining, coaking, and promised candy and cake.

He seated himself at last before piano, a full half-yard distant, stretching out his arms full length, like an ape clawing for food; his feet, when not on the pedals, twisting incessantly, he answering some joke of his master's with a loud "Yha! yha!" Nothing indexes the brain like the laugh; this was idiotic. "Now, Tom, boy, something we like from Verdi." The head fell further back, the claws began to work, and those of the composer's harmonies which you would have chosen as the purest exponents of passion began to float through the room; Selections of Weber, Beethoven, and others whom I have forgotten, followed.—At the close of each piece, Tom, without waiting for the audience, would applaud himself violently, kicking, pounding his hands together, turning always to his master for the approving pat on the head. Songs, recitations such as I have described, filled up the first part of the evening; then a musician from the audience went upon the stage to put the boy's powers to the final test.—Songs and intricate symphonies were given, which it was most improbable the boy could ever have heard; he remained standing, utterly motionless, until they were finished, and for a moment or two after; then, seating himself, gave them without the break of a note. Others followed, more difficult, in which he played the bass accompaniment in the manner I have described, repeating instantly the treble. The child looked dull and wearied during this part of the trial, and his master perceiving it, announced the exhibition closed, when the musician (who was a citizen of the town, by the way,) drew out a thick role of score, which he explained to be a fantasia of his own composition, never published.

"*This*, it was impossible the boy could have heard; there could be no trick of memory in this, and on this trial," triumphantly, "Tom would fall."

The manuscript was some fourteen pages long, variations on an inanimate theme.—Mr. Oliver refused to submit the boy's brain to so cruel a test; some of the audience even interfered, but the musician insisted, and took his place. Tom sat beside him, his head rolling nervously from side to side; struck the opening cadence, and then from the first note to the last, gave the secondo triumphantly. Jumping up, he fairly shoved the man from his seat, and proceeded to play the treble with more brilliancy and power than its composer. When he struck the last octave, he sprang up, yelling with delight:

"Um's got him, massa! um's got him!" cheering and rolling about the stage.

The cheers of the audience—for the boys especially did not wait to clap—excited him the more. It was an hour before his master could quiet his hysteric agitation.

That feature of the concerts which was the most painful, I have not touched upon. The moments when his master was talking; and Tom was left to himself, when a weary despair seemed to settle down on the distorted face, and the stubby little black fingers, wandering over the keys, spoke for Tom's own caged soul within. Never by any chance, a merry, childish laugh of music in the broken cadences; tender or wild, a defiant outcry, a tired sigh breaking down into silence—whatever wearied voice it took, the same bitter, hopeless soul spoke through all.

"Bless me, even me, also, O my father!"

A something that took all the pain and pathos of the world into its weak, pitiful cry.

Some beautiful caged spirit, one could not but know, struggled for breath under that brutal form and idiotic brain. I wonder when it will be free! Not in this life; the bars are too heavy. But (do you hate the moral to a story?) in your own back alley there are spirits as beautiful, caged in forms as bestial, that you *could* set free if you would. Don't call it bad taste in me to speak for them. You know they are more to be pitied than Tom—for they are dumb.

THE FIRST DAY OF AUTUMN.—October, the pride of the year, is upon us in all its glory. Day by day the change preliminary to that of the cold gloom of November and the chilling winds of winter is creeping over the woods and forests. There is a gorgeous display of color in the woods which beautifully contrasts with the somber hue over the cleared fields, though it is the hectic flush that betokens the completion of the decay which is already marring the landscapes. To those who morning and evening look out upon the forests, the change is so gradual as to be scarcely perceptible, but to those of our citizens who get a breath of country air but once a week, the change is astonishing. He sighs as he thinks how soon the flashing leaves of the maple will flutter on the stem for the last time, how soon the green leaves which yet preserve their freshness will change their hue to a brown or yellow, and go fluttering to the earth to mix with the decaying foliage already there. While he notes it, he has an almost irrepressible desire to wander in the forest, and to observe more closely; whilst he enjoys such scenes, we would advise to go the country quickly, as such rapid changes in vegetation are taking place, that the beauty and glory of the forests will soon have departed.

Josh Billings--To Corespondents.

Fred.—You aint obliged to ask a gals mother if yu ma go home with her from a partee; git the gals endorsement, and sale in; it is proper enuff to ask her to take yure arm, but yu haint got no rite tu put yure arm around her waste, unless you meet a Bear on the rode, and then yu are bound to take yure arm away, just as soon as the Bear gits safely by.

Whip.—Yu are rite; Mules live to a long age; iv'e known them myself to live one hundred years, and not half tri. Yu are rite also, about their being sure-footed; iv'e known em to kick a man, twise in a second, ten feet oph.

Gertrude—Your inquiry stumps me. The more i think on is, the more i can't tell. Az near az i can rekolek now i think i dont kno. Much might be ced both ways, and neether wa be rite. Upon the whole i rather reckon I wud, or i wuddent, jist as i thought best or otherwise.

Plutark—Yu'are mistaken; the Shakers don't marry. If young Shakers fall in lov tha are sot to weeding onions, and kures them forthwithly. I kant tell yu now how much it dus kost to jine the Shakers, but I believe that expense used to be, inkluding having yure hair cut and larning how to danse, about $65.

Sportsman—Yure inquiry is not edzackly in mi line, but i haste to repli, as follers to wit: The rite length tu cut oph a dog's tale haz never yet bin fully diskovered, but iz undoubtedly someware bak ov his ears, provided yu git the dog's consent. N. B.—It ain't absolutely necessara the dog's consent should be in riteing.

Kate—I think Lord-Biron was the author ov the lines yu speke ov; 'twas either him or 'twas Captain Kidd, one or tother. Biron waz dreadful limber at riteing potri, so waz Kidd, but Byron was the limberest.

IMPEACHING THEIR OWN LOYALTY.—A Methodist Episcopal Conference for a portion of Illinois is now sitting at Springfield. Governor Yates was requested to administer the oath of allegiance to the *entire Conference*.—*Albany Journal.*

Judging from their proceedings no set of men needed it more. Indeed, to keep them straight for the Union as it was it would be necessary to administer the oath about ten times a day.—*Chi. Enquirer.*

A Mrs. Back, of Washington county, has named her boy baby Green. We hope the little Green Back is a genuine issue.